

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare  
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,  
Wherein necessitie of matter beggerd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne  
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this  
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places  
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* Attend, where are my Swiflers, let them guard the door,  
VVhat is the matter?

*Messen.* Saue your selfe my Lord.  
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list,  
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast  
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head  
Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,  
And as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquitie forgot, custome not knowne,  
The ratifiers and props of euery word,  
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,  
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,  
*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.

*Quee.* How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*  
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

*King.* The doores are broke.

*Laer.* VVhere is this King? sirs stand you all without.

*All.* No lets come in.

*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.

*All.* VVe will, we will.

*Laer.* I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,  
Giue me my father.

*Quee.* Calmely good *Laertes*.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Bastard,  
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot  
Euen here between the chaste vnsmothered brow  
Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause *Laertes*  
That thy rebellion looks so Giant-like?

Let

## Prince of

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not  
Ther's such diuinitie doth he  
That treason cannot peepe to  
A&A's little of his will, tell me  
Why thou art thus incenst, I  
Speake man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Quee.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his

*Laer.* How came he dead?

To hell allegiance, voves to  
Conscience and grace, to the  
I dare damnation, to this point  
That both the worlds I giue  
Let come what comes, one  
Most throughly for my father

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all their  
And for my meanes Ile hushe  
They shall goe farre with li

*King.* Good *Laertes*, if you  
Of your deare father, 't is writ  
That soop-stake, you will die  
Winner and looser.

*Laer.* None but his enemies

*King.* Will you know the

*Laer.* To his good friend

And like the kind life-rende  
Repast them with my blood

*King.* Why now you speake  
Like a good child and a true  
That I am guiltlesse of your  
And am most sensible in grie  
It shall as leuell to your iud  
As day does to your eie.

*Enter*

*Laer.* Let her come in,  
How now what noise is this?